

42 Days by orphan_account

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Summary:

She was alone with nothing but her thoughts for 42 days. She wanted warmth. She wanted clothes. She wanted a home. She wanted Mike. She struggled a lot that month and twelve days away from the people who cared about her. // This story is in Eleven's point of view in the 42 days she was left in the woods. Yes, I wrote something for every day.

42 Days

Author's Note:

I started writing this at two am and took a break until twelve pm. Then finished this up. Do you know how tiring it is writing 42 days worth of thoughts?

13 November 1983

I ran.

I ran and hid until those bad men stopped following me.

I don't want to be caught.

I don't want to be caught.

They'll hurt me.

They'll take me back and hurt me.

No.

No.

No.

Tears streaked my face as I placed my head in between my knees.

The sound of the things in the air put me to sleep.

14 November 1983

It was the sunlight that woke me.

I opened my eyes and was met with the gleaming rays through the branches of the trees that surrounded me.

I didn't hear those loud noises anymore or the spinning things of the thing that was flying above the woods that seemed to be after me all last night.

I don't know how I managed to sleep last night.

All I remember is opening my way through the wall and escaping that terrible, terrible place. Muck and goo all over me. I didn't care though because I wanted to see Mike.

Mike.

Oh how he looked so upset and scared when those bad, bad people were talking to me.

He saw me.

I know he did.

He had too.

That's why all those people were following me.

I need to see Mike.

But it's not safe. I know it's not.

I don't want to go back to the lab.

I don't want to go back to the lab.

I don't want to go back to the lab.

Stop. Breath. Relax.

I stood up, climbing out from under the trunk of the fallen tree I was hiding behind and stretched my limbs. I looked around at my surrounding and just saw the miles and miles of trees that just seemed to keep going.

I don't know where I am.

I remember just trying to hide so I didn't get sent back to the lab.

To Papa.

Is he alive? The Demogorgon was there. Blood was everywhere. But

Papa was gone.

Good.

I don't want to be with Papa.

I walked and walked, letting my feet guide me in some direction. I don't even know if I am in Hawkins. All I know is that these trees don't seem to end for a long time and I don't know how long I'll be out here.

It's cold.

The wind doesn't feel very nice.

I pull the flannel shirt that the police man gave me closer to me, shielding from the wind as I walked.

How long is this going to be?

15 November 1983

I sat against a tree stump, watching the water wade down the little stream that I had followed earlier that lead to a little pond.

The sound was nice.

But there was buzzing. Annoying buzzing.

I tried keeping my ears covered but it didn't work.

It was bad buzzing.

Like the kind I heard in the lab.

No.

I can't keep thinking of it.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, the sound of the buzzing rang in my ears louder. Soon enough, I wasn't in the woods anymore.

Whoa.

It's dark in here and at my feet was water.

Oh no. It's like the bath.

No.

No.

No.

I am by myself.

"Hello?" I call out. "Hello?"

There was a figure in the distance. It look familiar so I ran to it.

"Hey El."

It was Mike.

He was sitting in the blanket fort he made me a few days ago. Everything still in place from how we had both left it. He was holding the SuperCom in his hands, just underneath his mouth.

"It's me, Mike." He spoke into it. *"It's day two and I just... Wanted to call in and see if I could get a response... Will is out of the hospital now. He's asking a lot about you."* He laughed softly and looked at his shoe. *"I... I hope you're still out there El."*

"Mike." I whispered.

His eyes widened, *"El?"*

Could he hear me?

"El, was that you?" Mike asked. I started to say something before a loud yell came from where he was. He looked up. *"Coming Mom!"* He yelled back. *"I- I, uh. I'll call you tomorrow."* He threw his SuperCom down and his image began to fade away.

"Mike?" I asked, looking at the dark room. "Mike, come back." I could feel the tears rushing down my cheeks. "Mike." I cried.

I stayed crying for hours.

16 November 1983

I had to kill today.

I couldn't help it.

It was so tiny...

But I was so, so hungry.

I skinned the little brown fuzzy animal, tears streaming my face.

I don't want to kill.

I don't want to kill.

El. Stop and Breathe,

"I'm sorry." I whisper to myself as I set up a little burning pit. I cause the logs to ignite with my mind. The flame brought warmth to me, a warmth that I haven't felt in a few days.

I shove the stick through the fuzzy thing and let it catch fire.

It didn't make me feel full but it was okay.

I want to go home.

17 November 1983

Home.

The word kept flickering through my mind all day.

Mike said something about me staying with him and that would be my new home.

Warmth. Comfort. Food.

But Papa said different.

His way of home is bad.

Bad.

Cold. Uncomfortable. Gross food.

Not home.

This is my home. The woods.

I'm not safe anymore.

That's what I get for being a monster.

Monster.

I am a monster.

I am no good.

I am bad.

I kill.

Bad.

18 November 1983

I don't like this.

I don't like being alone.

I want to be inside and not in this growing bad weather.

It was starting to get colder at night which makes what apparel I'm in ten times worse: Dirty pink dress covered in dirt and blood. Shoes that used to be white. Socks that are ripped.

I don't like this dress.

Not anymore.

It's gross.

It came from Mike when we were happy.

I never felt happy before him.

He gave me a place to stay and clothes to wear and I can't even see him.

I'm bad.

I'm a horrible person.

That's why I'm being searched for.

Nancy, I think is her name, wouldn't be searched for.

But she's normal.

Normal.

Normal.

Normal.

Tears flood their way down my cheeks and I don't even care to wipe them away.

There's no point.

19 November 1983

The buzzing came back and I closed my eyes, focusing real hard.

"It's day five and Will was released from the hospital. He'll get to come back to school Monday." Mike said. *"Maybe when you come back you'll be able to come to school with us. That would be real cool."* The basement door opened. *"Uh, I've got to go because the guys are coming back. Talk soon. Bye."*

My head pounded once he disappeared.

I don't even know how I can see him.

But it hurts.

Blood poured from my nose and I didn't bother wiping it away.

I want Mike.

I want Dustin.

I want Lucas.

I don't want to be out here anymore.

20 November 1983

Today it rained.

The little droplets woke me from my uncomfortable sleep as if they were telling me I needed to go and find somewhere safe.

That's when I heard the loud noises from the thing in the sky that shined lights down trying to find me.

I look around trying to find a good spot to go before the air thing got any closer to me. I was far from my last spot where I hid days ago and I don't know where to go.

My heart started beating faster and faster as the spinning things sound got closer to where I was. I stood up and started to run. I hope I can find somewhere.

I can't go back.

I can't go back.

I can't go back.

There's an open trunk from a fallen tree and I climb inside.

Not today.

Not today.

Not today.

I want to go to Mike.

Mike was warm.

He kept me safe.

But I can't danger him.

Not anymore.

Not anymore.

21 November 1983

I look at my hands.

They're red and dirty.

I have gunk under my bitten nails.

I feel gross.

I've never been this dirty.

I wasn't allowed to be, in the lab I mean.

Showers three times a day.

I don't like the thought of those showers.

It makes me uneasy.

They watched me shower.

Bad.

22 November 1983

A bad animal tried to hurt me.

I killed it.

It had big, sharp teeth.

It slashed my arm.

The flannel and dress is ripped and covered in blood.

My arm hurts.

I feel bad.

23 November 1983

I'm losing feeling in my body.

It's so cold.

Every step I take when I walk hurts.

My feet are sore.

I try avoiding walking for a little bit until I am chased down to my hiding spot as the bad people try to get me again.

But they don't.

They don't know where to find me.

I guess that's good.

24 November 1983

It's day 10 that I've been gone.

According to Mike.

A day called Thanksgiving.

He told me he went to his grandparents and ate food with his family and cousins.

He would've 'brought me a plate back' or whatever that means.

But he doesn't know where I am.

I don't know where I am.

I spend my first Thanksgiving away from the lab by myself.

Nothing but me, the buzzy sound, and a dead fuzzy animal.

25 November 1983

Silence was bad.

Silence makes me feel alone.

All I hear is silence.

Bad.

Silence is bad.

It reminds me of the lab.

Being thrown in there with nothing to hear but my cries.

I don't like this.

I don't like this.

I don't like this.

26 November 1983

I slept through this day.

My nightmares kept me up the night before.

So I slept today.

27 November 1983

Am I even real?

I squeeze my arm.

I am real.

I am real and bad.

I am real and stupid.

I am real and alone.

The days were growing longer and I don't like it.

"Alone." I whisper to myself. This is the first time I've talked in a few days. "Alone. I am alone."

I walk through the woods, repeating the same four phrases.

"I am real."

"I am bad."

"I am stupid."

"I am alone."

28 November 1983

When the rain poured down today, I tried washing the grime off my face.

It was caked black and brown and red.

I felt better watching it wash off.

But the rain caused me to get cold.

My flannel is soaked and it's cold.

No warmth.

No comfort.

Nothing.

29 November 1983

My skin burns.

It's so cold out here that I start hurting.

I can't clench my fingers together.

Just like I've done before. I set a log on fire with my mind, basking in the small warmth from its light.

I can have a small fire.

A big fire draws attention.

Smoke.

If I'm caught.

I'm dead.

Sometimes I wish I was dead instead of this cold.

But I think about Mike.

I think about that nice lady who kept me sane during the bath.

The police man who gave me his flannel.

I'll get back to them.

I hope.

30 November 1983

I'm running.

Something is following me.

I don't know what it is.

I turn my head back to see and when I turn my head back I am met with the large tree and a branch falls.

I black out.

01 December 1983

I did not wake up.

02 December 1983

Raindrops brought me from my sleep.

My head pounded.

It hurts.

Everything hurts.

I look around me and see the branch that knocked me out.

I send it flying across the woods.

I'm tired but I still get up to find shelter from this on going storm.

03 December 1983

The storm hasn't stopped.

It's so, so cold.

I draw my knees up to my chest and place my head in between my knees, rocking back and forth. Maybe I could get friction to get warm.

I shut my eyes as I began to hear that buzz.

"Then I was like: Dustin, you can't show that to Mr. Clarke and he was like: But I want too. Lucas eventually took it from him." Mike spoke into his Supercom. He was sitting in my fort. "We almost got detention but we didn't." Mike looked down at his shoes. "It has been eighteen days." His face dropped. "I know you're out there. I think Dustin and Lucas are giving up. But I'm not. I won't until I see you again."

I want to touch him.

But I can't.

He'll disappear.

"I have a science test tomorrow so I'm going to go to sleep now. Goodnight El."

"Night Mike." I reach out to him and his vision fades away like dust.

My head pounds and I wipe the blood away.

This hurts too much.

But I can see Mike.

All I see is black.

04 December 1983

Just when I thought I was having a break from being searched for.

That big air thing in the sky shined its lights at my surroundings.

There were people storming through the woods. I saw their flashlights from my hiding spot in the trunk of the tree.

“Sir, there’s a fire pit just half a mile up from where we are.” I hear a woman’s voice from near me. I take a deep breath and close my eyes. “Its logs are still warm.”

The man blew into some metal thing that caused a high pitch noise. “Go, go, go!” He shouts as the people looking took off running.

I’m so stupid.

They’re going to find me.

I’m so stupid.

They’re going to find me.

I pull my knees closer to my chest and cry.

05 December 1983

I ran.

I ran.

I ran.

I wasn’t paying attention but my foot twisted from under me and I

fall.

Blood poured down my leg from the gash that was just made.

It hurts.

I cry.

I can't move.

Too much pain.

06 December 1983

My leg started to swell and I dragged myself out of the pathway of the woods.

I can't stand up.

It hurts.

The pain is too much.

I sit against the tree all day as rain started to pour from the evening sky.

07 December 1983

Mike said it has almost been a month since I've been gone.

He got detention.

He copied a paper.

He says he's not doing well.

He misses me.

I miss him so much.

I miss Mike.

I want Mike.

The thought of him causes me to cry.

So I cry.

I cry over Mike.

I cry over the pain in my leg.

I cry because I'm cold.

I cry because I'm hungry.

I cry because I'm alone.

This is what you get for being born a monster.

08 December 1983

I find that stream again, following it to its pond.

I am gross.

I fell in the sloshy brown mud and my leg is coated with it.

I get to the pond and crouch down, meeting my reflection. A thing I haven't seen in a long time.

Black and brown stuff coated my face. Dried blood from my nose and ears. My face looks more sunken in. My eyes... I just, I don't know... I look and see my hair. It's grown. I pull my hands up and run my fingers through it.

I can hold it in my fingers. It's not buzzed.

No more.

I sat there the rest of the day, cleaning my legs off and my face. Admiring my hair growing longer than the buzz.

I haven't had anything else in years.

09 December 1983

It was too cold today so I stayed up in the tree, watching as the little animals with wings flew around me.

Pretty colors.

I didn't know animals like that could be pretty.

I wish I could fly away like them.

Maybe I'd be safe.

I just continue to sit back and watch them fly and make the song-like noise from the pointy things on their face.

10 December 1983

My stomach was rumbling so I walked for a bit, trying to find my next victim.

I saw it sitting on the ground and with the turn of my head, it shot towards the tree. It's little neck breaking.

I don't like doing this.

But I'm hungry.

So, so hungry.

I carry it back to my spot and got a little fire started, skinning the fuzzy thing and shoving a stick through it.

I sigh as its body turns and I wait for my meal to be done.

Crunch.

I turn my head and see an old man holding a weapon. A gun; the bad men followed me with that.

"Hey." He spoke. "I'm not going to hurt you." He started to walk closer to me. I don't like this. "What's your name?" I don't respond. "What are you doing out here in the cold?"

I look at his clothing and without turning my head a log rose up

from my fire and I flung it at him.

He fell to the ground with a thud.

I pull his jacket from him and his hat and put it on me.

Warmer.

I put my fire out and run.

I can't stay here anymore.

Not safe.

11 December 1983

I feel bad for hurting that old man.

But I'm warm.

I pull the jacket closer to my body as I lay against the tree.

The white puffs started falling from the sky and caused my legs to get cold.

They burned when the white stuff stayed on them.

It hurt to even move.

I am so weak.

So weak.

12 December 1983

The days increasingly became colder and the white stuff was still falling from the sky.

I don't like the white puffs.

It's cold and it hurts.

It has also made it really hard to find food.

I'm so hungry.

My stomach rumbled just at the thought of food.

But I did as I usually did; just walked.

Out of curiosity, I scooped some of the white puffs off the ground and put it in my mouth after I noticed it melted on my skin.

It was cold but refreshing.

Almost like water.

The rumbling in my stomach subsided.

Maybe I could last on this for a little bit... until everything melts.

13 December 1983

There was a box.

I was too far away to see and my vision was giving out but there was a person and they put something in the box.

What could be so important that someone would have to come out here to put something?

I thought no one would be out here.

What if it's the bad men?

I press my back up against the tree and breathe deeply until I hear something in the distance.

I peek my head around the tree and saw the man was no longer there.

I make my way over there, slowly. I don't want the bad man to get me so I made sure I didn't make a sound as I stepped on the icy ground. I eventually get to the box and kneel down, fumbling with the lid.

A bowl. A bottle of water. A few pieces of bread. Eggos.

I look around to make sure no one is standing there before I grab everything in the box and run.

It's food. Real food.

Not the little fuzzy animal.

Eggos.

I retreat back to my spot that I've been staying at for the past several days and eat the food gratefully.

Who left it?

14 December 1983

I walked a little bit today to keep me busy.

My stomach growled and I looked up, seeing the brown fuzzy animal.

No.

I can't.

I pull the hat down more and continue to walk.

I see that box again.

Foot prints.

The person came back.

I walk to the box and open it.

Nothing.

I sigh and continue to walk.

Maybe later.

I climbed up the tree I'd been sleeping on for the past few days since

the white puffs iced the ground. I laid back against the trunk and count the branches I could see. I don't know when it happened but I fell asleep.

I didn't sleep well last night.

When I woke, it was dark and I sighed.

I don't like the dark.

I jump down to the ground and look at that box.

Maybe?

I make sure no one is around and walked back to the box, opening up and sighing in relief.

More food.

I quickly snatch it and take back off.

15 December 1983

The box was empty today.

I went to sleep.

16 December 1983

The box remained empty.

I killed three fuzzy animals.

I'm hungry.

But I'm a monster.

I killed.

I can't help it.

Maybe that person realized that their stuff was being taken.

What if they call out?

I don't want to be searched for.

17 December 1983

Water. Eggos. Bread with things in between two pieces.

That's what that person put in there today.

Part of me doesn't like taking the food.

I know it's not for me.

But I need it.

I still grab all of it and run off.

No one should see me.

18 December 1983

I am by myself, sitting on the ground and rolling the white puffs in my hand into a little ball.

I move the ball with my mind, watching it along with others crash against each other.

It gave me something to do.

I sat there, messing with the puffs when I heard a tree branch crack behind me.

I turn back and there's a big animal. My heart began to race as it ran towards me after seeing it was noticed.

Don't hurt it.

Don't hurt it.

I just turned my head from it as he continued running at me. Then I felt something slimy across my face. I push its face away from me and it stayed there. It was a shaggy black animal with its hair in its

eyes but it sat down beside me.

I don't know what it is and why it's not attacking me.

It wasn't like the black thing that had sharp teeth that I killed a few days ago.

The thing just let out a sound like "arf" and it startled me, causing me to jump. But it just sat there, its tail swatting back and forth.

Hesitantly, I place my palm on it. Patting its head. He just let me do it too.

He was warm.

I push closer to the animal, trying to keep my warmth.

He was nice.

19 December 1983

The animal left me.

I was warm.

But I'm back to being cold.

I hate the cold.

I hate the white puffs that fall from the sky.

Not nice.

I don't want to be here anymore.

I don't want to be here anymore.

So cold.

So, so cold.

20 December 1983

I'm not strong enough to keep doing this.

But I do anyways.

The buzzing noise fills my ears and I shut my eyes.

It's time for me to see Mike.

"Hey El. It'd been a thirty-seven since I saw you last." Mike told me. "I'm done with school till January. It's winter break. I wish I could see you right now because... I- I miss you El."

"I miss you Mike."

He looks back around. "El?"

I can't call out to him.

I can't give him hope.

"El, please. Give me a sign you're still out there." Mike says, a tear streaming his cheek. "It's starting to get hard to believe especially with Lucas and Dustin's negativity." He sighed. "One sign?"

The lamp beside him started to flicker.

My head hurts from doing that.

A smile appeared on his lips. *"You are out there. I- I, never mind. I hope you're safe, wherever you are. I'll... I'll talk soon okay? Bye El."*

"Goodbye Mike."

21 December 1983

I was searched for today.

I've started noticing the pattern of when they'd search.

It was every three days.

Just like Mike called every night at the same time.

Whenever the moon finally sets high in the night sky.

They search late at night. A woman said two.

I don't know what hour it is but I make sure I'm hidden after Mike calls me.

They can't find me.

They don't need to find me.

22 December 1983

That person put more food in the box.

Earlier than they had before.

Usually it was in the night but today it was daylight.

I got a better glance at them.

Light brown color outfit and big jacket.

I had seen someone wearing that stuff before.

But they were bad people, like Papa said.

But Papa said he wasn't bad.

This person seems okay.

Why would Papa lie?

I sigh and watch as the person walks off.

I waited my time and then took the food from the box.

Papa lies.

23 December 1983

He came today.

I watched him.

Yes, him.

He looks familiar but I just can't really figure it out.

I put the bowl he had put in there yesterday back and watched him pull it back out. He looked around. A smile was on his face.

I don't know when I smiled last.

"Come out when you're ready." He said out loud. I knew that voice.
"I come here every day."

Is he talking to me?

His voice... I can't pick it fully but I know who that is.

He placed more food into the box and closed it before standing up and walking off. I waited a few minutes before going and taking the food he placed in there today.

Is he really wanting me to come out?

I didn't move from the box when I ate the food.

I didn't feel like it.

24 December 1983

The man.

The flannel that I have comes from that man.

He helped me. It was the man with that woman that helped me with the bath.

He's good.

"I need him." I whisper to myself, staring down at the box that was now empty. I hold the warm bowl of soup to me. "But he's gone."

Can he help me?

I don't want to be searched for anymore.

Tears started spilling down my cheeks.

I want to leave.

I want to leave.

I want to leave.

I'm going to show myself.

25 December 1983

I watched from behind the tree as the police man made his way up to where the box was.

He crouched down and opened the box, noticing again that the food was gone. He turned his head and looked around, sighing.

Is he wanting to see me?

He put the food down in the box. I don't know what but he stood up and closed it. Starting to walk off.

I can do this.

I can do this.

I limp my way through, following his footsteps.

There was a loud gush of wind and I froze, quickly hiding behind a tree and the man turned around. He shrugged and continued to walk.

I see light.

I see road.

I see a car.

I see him.

Just as he was about to reach his car a snap of a branch caused him to turn around.

I look down at the twig that was under my foot.

He sees me.

He sees me.

I see him.

He takes his hat off and puts it over his chest.

I breathe deeply.

He removes his jacket and hands it too me.

I'm too stunned to say anything.

A nice man found me.

Not a bad man.

"Come on kid," He said. "No need to be afraid. Let's get you warm."

I follow him and he helps me into his car. Handing me a blanket.

Warmth.

I could feel the tears start peaking in my eyes.

I am found.

I am found.

"No more spending the nights in the cold kid." He told me. "You're safe now."

I feel a tear slide out.

I'm safe.

I am safe.

I smile.

Safe.

Author's Note:

Let me know what you think!

Comments and kudos are appreciated :)